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While Nuri thus stood at bay against enemies in his own tribe, his eldest son, Nauaf, was charged with leading the Ruala against their external enemies. Nuri was the father of a large family and was in fact credited with eighty-two children, of whom thirty-seven were sons, nearly all of whom died violent deaths.

A few days after this first meeting with Nuri Sha'lan, I paid a visit to Nauaf, whose tents were pitched a day's ride away, by the rain-water pools of Rukûban, one hundred and twenty odd miles east of Damascus.

Nauaf differed greatly from his father. He lacked the old *Sheykh's* strong personality. Nor had he the talent to organize for warfare a tribe so vast as the Ruala, with its seven thousand tents, thirty-five thousand souls, and over three hundred thousand camels.

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He had just mustered another small camel-troop to strengthen his forces operating against Jauf, the oasis at the southeastern end of the wide, fertile depression of the Wadi Sirhan. They had already taken a few lesser fortified outposts. But these successes had brought Nauaf little credit: neither from his own tribesmen nor from the subjugated settlers could he win the respect which would have consolidated his position. Moreover, this attack on Jauf was a reversal of tribal policy. From of old the Ruala had peacefully traded with that oasis, bartering their camels, wool, cheese, and butter for dates, barley, salt, coffee, tent fittings, camel-saddles, and textiles. Suddenly, and quite against the old *Sheykh's* intentions, Nauaf conceived the scheme of monopolizing that trade for himself and occupying the oasis as a strategic stronghold from which to dominate Northern Arabia and the caravan routes to Nejd.

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The Young Prince of the Ruala, Amir Fuaz

Within sight of Jauf opens out the great, red-sand desert of the Nufud, which extends more than three hundred miles from east to west and nearly two hundred miles from north to south. Its northern half, called El-Labbe, forms the proper grazing ground of the Ruala. Their real home is there. The southern part is held by the Shammar Bedouins, who have made Hayil, on the southern edge of the Nufud, their trading centre.

Until after the Great War, the Shammar were ruled by Ibn Rashid, a renegade governor of the Ibn Sa'ûd family, who, with his Negro bodyguard, had rebelled against his masters and had taken Hayil. Ibn Sa'ûd, however, succeeded in recovering that dominant position, which secured him undisputed power in Central Arabia (Nejd, Kasim, and Hejaz).

The efforts Ibn Sa'ûd made to weld all the tribes into one national unit, his subjugation, in campaign after campaign, of all *Shiyukhs* (*Sheykhs*) who resisted him, are well known. Now, at the time of my first sojourn in the land of the Bedouins, this Ibn Rashid, the traitor governor, had still the greater part of Inner Arabia under his power. He became so completely sovereign that his former masters, the Ibn Sa'ûd family, had to live for decades in exile, while the "Black Princes" held sway over the towns and oases as well as the many Bedouin tribes of Central Arabia. In the history of Arabia there are few bolder achievements than Ibn Sa'ûd's recovery, with a mere handful of men, of his capital, Riyadh, his subjugation of Hayil and the Shammar, until he, adding success to success, became at length the